

party to Blackwall with D'Orsay. To-morrow to Lord Hertford's. I find the end of the season more fatiguing than the beginning, owing to the morning festivities.

The water party at the 'Cedars' most delightful. We embarked at five o'clock, the heavens very favourable, sang all the way down, wandered in beautiful gardens worthy of Paul Veronese full not only of flowers, but fountains and parroquets: the dinner first-rate and much better than cold, miserable picnics, in which all bring the same things. People are still in town. But Goodwood will, I think, clear us.¹

' You give me the same advice as my father ever has done,' he wrote on some occasion to Lady Blessington, ⁴ about dotting down the evanescent feelings of youth ; but, like other excellent advice, I fear it will prove unprofitable. I have a horror of journalising, and indeed of writing of all description. With me execution is ever a labour and conception a delight. Although a great traveller, I never kept a diary in my life.' His book of jottings and reflections, if we are not to call it a diary, had been forgotten since October, but in the seclusion of Bradenham he returned to it once more.

BRADENHAM,

Aug. 4, 1834.

And now nearly a year has elapsed. And what an eventful one ! Let me sketch it. The end of 1833 and spring of 1834 passed in Essex, writing the three first books of the *Revolutionary Epicfc*: returned to Bradenham before Easter, then to town and remained there until this moment. A season of unparalleled success and gaiety. What a vast number of extraordinary characters have passed before me or with whom I have become acquainted. Interviews with O'Connell, Beckford, and Lord Durham, three men all making a great noise. Will they be remembered when this book turns up, if ever it do? Perhaps O'Connell. The first [he added in a letter to his sister] is the man of the greatest genius; the second of the greatest taste; and the last of the greatest ambition.

Conversation of three hours with O'Connell, next whom I sat at dinner. Very communicative. Said that from being the son of a gentleman farmer he had raised himself to be *une des puissances du monde* (his very words). Said that

¹ *Letters*, pp. 87, 88.